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been performed in this country, excelling in point of difficulty and *aplomb* even the famed, "Niagara Leap."

Now here is a programme in which we have unlimited variety; every taste is suited, and as a matter of course everybody is pleased. Let our managers but adopt the rule of giving us short, light plays in the place of long comedies and longer and heavier melodramas during the summer season, and my word for it the treasury theatre will be much heavier than it is under the present system.

"Columbus" has been revived at the Winter Garden with great success. The burlesque has been, to use the language of the bills, "reconstructed," and moves on as smoothly as it is to be hoped these unhappy United States will when the "reconstruction system" has been thoroughly inaugurated.

At Wood's Theatre "Fra Diavolo" has proved a decided success, the Worrell Sisters being most piquante and charming in the various roles assigned them.

At the Olympic a new dramatization of "Aurora Floyd" has been produced; it is well played throughout, and is a very clever dramatization, but too long to be enjoyable on these hot summer nights.

At Wallack's, brogue, shillelah, and Dan Bryant are flourishing gloriously.

And now, courteous peruser of these lines, *au revoir*—the woods and waters, the sunshine and the green fields invite me; to use the words of that disreputable old Indian, Metamora, "They've sent for me, and I'm going."

SHUGGE.

FOURTH OF JULY IN HUNTINGTON, L. I.

BY "JEEMS PIPES OF PIPESVILLE."

Having been invited by some of the Phurst Phamilies of this delightful little village to deliver a 4th of July oration, on the evening of the 3d instant I immediately placed 2 shirts, 4 handkerchiefs, 3 pair of socks, and one oration into my carpet bag, and wended my way to the foot of "Sleck Pip," and took the ocean steamer "D. R. Martin, Esq.," for the above-mentioned beautiful seaport town. After a tedious, stormy and delightful voyage of 2 hours and a half, we arrived at a Dock, built by a Mr. Lloyd, called "Lloyd's Dock," and took a stage, crammed full with an intelligent and highly aristocratic audience (including one colored lady female), and driving for 6 miles over a very dusty road, reached Wright's Hotel at 7.

The morning of the "Glorious Fourth" (who ever knew a 4th of July to be anything else but "Glorious") was ushered in by the booming of a small sized "cracker" and the dismal pealing of the A1 2d Presbyterian Church bell, assisted by another of the Methodist persuasion, that resembled a cracked "cow bell" more than anything else I know of.

This was about 4 in the morning, and I could not sleep.

Fitz—fizz—bang—bang—bang—pop! pop!—went the crackers and as I looked from my hotel window, the sight beggared description. Nobody would ever doubt the loyalty or patriotism of the inhabitants of this charming spot! From all the liberty poles, church steeples, hotels, and private residences, floated the "Stars and Stripes," while the streets were thronged with

people—and, on a larger beer barrel, an infuriated and highly sensitive and cultivated citizen was reading the "Declaration of Independence" from a pocket edition of "Webster's Dictionary."

As the day continued gradually to dawn, martial music was feebly heard in the distance and soon "Crozier's Band," engaged by a wealthy citizen at \$800 a day, came strolling up Main street, playing "Dear Mother I've come home to Dine." Following this was a large Pickwick procession, including some lovely ladies, mothers, and children, and several Fenians.

They reached several miles in length, and disappearing in the dim distance, in the woods, I saw them no more.

By this time the Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Council waited upon me at my hotel and advised me that my time was come.

I was equal to the occasion, and seated in a chair, once taken from General Washington's Headquarters, and raised high upon a Chicago Platform, I commenced:

"Feller citizens,"—(this announcement was received with a storm of perfect applause) "when in the course" (good, that's it—go it old boss!)—I cannot persist if I am interrupted in this way, said I—"of human events"—(that's so, go it Pipes, give it 'em,) "Well, ladies and gentlemen, thanking you for the honor you have done me—I throw myself"—(and here I fell right slap bang amongst the spectators, and was carried by 6 excited Fenians of General Sweeney's private brigade into "Conklin's" drug store, where Dr. Willie Murphy, applying some cholera medicine to both eyes, bandaged them up, and I was soon carried into the outskirts of the city, where I speedily regained my shattered senses.

The Fireworks in the evening surpass belief. At the Rev. Mr. Fairchild's, a blaze of glory and Poroteknick skill dazzled the eye of the beholder. Conklin's private mansion was one mass of fire—outside the door was seated the entire family, listening to the bewildering strains of a full band, sung by a gentleman with one voice, assisted by Col. Charley Salar—do. The night was dark, gloomy, stormy, rainy, starlight and beautiful, and bathed in subdued perspiration and half a gallon of soda water, I sought my downy couch, and after telegraphing the gorgeous "Gerardus" to have my rooms warmed at the St. Denis Hotel, and directing him to request the rumbumptious and liberal-hearted Moses Mitchell, Esq., to buy me 100 Erie, short or long, or both—for cash—I left, and am,

Yours ever,
"JEEMS PIPES OF PIPESVILLE."

EXTRACTS FROM MY DIARY.

May 31st.

To-day the virgin queen of the seasons, modest May, courtesies an addio to coy, blushful maidenhood. To-morrow she is a matron, fervent and haughty. Her light, sheeny robes of azure and emerald pale, she doffs for an ampler gown of deeper dyes. Her fleet, fairy foot shakes off its dainty, silver shoes for cumbrous sandals of lustrous gold and green. And the pearl-white lilies wherewith her virgin brow is coronetted, will be displaced by a diadem of royal roses, crimson-petaled and velvet soft—Regina superba!

This morning my matutinal studies were musically distracted—the distraction came in through my open window, came across the narrow street, from a vocal artist who lodges at the Prince Albert, the *vis à vis* of this little hotel, the

Prince Regent. As the heat of my rose-draped chamber was oppressive this morning, I threw up my window to admit a fresh, cooling breeze, and reseating myself at the piano commenced the study of the divinely beautiful A Major Sonata of Mozart. To mitigate my short sight, my piano stands by the window opening upon the street. *Le troisième étage* of the Prince Regent is rather higher than the same floor of the Prince Albert, so that a glance from my seat at the piano embraces Monsieur l'artiste's entire room. I do not know how long Monsieur had been chanting; I had a dreamy half-consciousness that notes, foreign to those I produced, were mingling with those of the celestial poem before me; but soon the vocal tones became most provokingly obtrusive. I closed my ears against their enchanting impertinence, and played on. And still the grand tenore chanted, skimming this opera and that, as the fitting honey-bee flits from flower to flower, sipping its dainty sweetness. In vain I attempted to listen to my heavenly Mozart. I had succeeded in groping blindly through the infinitely lovely *divina tema*, and its variations with their delicate nuances of alternate joy and sadness: through that sea of sound, riding upon the waves of liquid melody, until the movement emerges up into that mysteriously sublime minuet, where the harmony spreads out into resistless glory, stretching far out into the infinitude of harmonic beauty,—when my vocal *voisin*, approaching his open window, assumed a most theatrical pose, and commenced that touching love-plaint, "Ah che la morte." Despairing of longer resisting this mellifluous intrusion, I yielded, folded my arms, and listened to its dulcet strain.

This charming aria is to me a delightful souvenir of my first acquaintance with the Lyric stage. I was only five years old when mamma considered me eligible to the honor of accompanying her to the opera. But although so young, I was intelligent, and had read something beside "Mother Goose's Melodies"—I already knew the "Arabian Nights" by heart, and was familiar with Shakespeare's imaginative plays, and had had for some time high aspirations to witness some theatrical representation—although my childish taste turned to fairy spectacles sparkling with visions of enchanted castles, gallant cavaliers, and beautiful princesses, rather than serious dramas. However, mamma took me to hear "Il Trovatore." Although there were in that opera no magic lamps or fairy godmothers, still it was for me a glimpse into an enchanted realm; the music filled me with rapture, and the singers—I one in particular, I looked upon with the utmost enthusiasm, for he appeared to me to be far above all of my favorite heroes in the land of romance—far above any of whom I had hitherto read or imagined. This singer was Pasquale Brignoli. I can remember how every note of his glorious voice seemed to penetrate my child's heart, and although I have since listened to many fine singers whom the world styles superior to him, my infantile enthusiasm for Brignoli remains unabated.

In New York the admiration of art-lovers for Brignoli seems to have diminished of late—his absence and the presence of "other rivals round the throne" have turned the enthusiasm of his fickle former worshippers into a new channel—but Brignoli has one friend and admirer who remains constant to him, and from whom a word of praise is a bright jewel in his art-tiara, and esteemed, I should think, above myriads of flattering compliments from those ignorant of the